

Woman's Department.

LATENT LIFE.

Though never shown by word or deed,
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed, within the seed,
The latent flower.

And under every common sense
That doth its daily use fulfill,
There lies another, more intense,
And beautiful still.

This dusty world, wherein is shrouded
The soul, is but the counterfeit
Of that which shall be, more refined,
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs
Enfolded a light more warm and clear—
Music but intimates the songs
We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
Which have to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
Hopes, impulses that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think that we shall be as now,
Only more fair.

And he who makes his love to be
Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
Not what I am.

—Alice Cary.

FOR THE LADIES.

Among the changes contemplated in the Farmer is that of introducing a "Domestic Department," where questions may be asked and answered relating to plain, every day, home duties. A free exchange of opinion among housekeepers will be of service all round, and an exchange of recipes for baking, brewing, canning and pickling will furnish variety to many a table. The greater freedom exercised by the ladies in utilizing this page the more will be gotten out of it by each one. Other changes are contemplated which should make this page one of the most interesting of all the Farmer. Ladies, the page is yours, to be used as seems best to you.

EDITOR.

For the Maine Farmer.
FROM FLAX WHEEL TO SEWING MACHINE.

Woman's Progress During the Life of the Maine Farmer.

Nearly five years before the coronation of Queen Victoria, the Maine Farmer made its first appearance, a humble newspaper sent out, not to the aristocracy of this land, but to the sons of toil in the rugged State of Maine. The steps of progress, therefore, which all the nations of the earth have been glad to count in the reminiscences of this jubilee season, became the especial property of the readers of the Farmer, which has carried its message through all these years into many homes.

Steamboats across the Atlantic, railroads all over the country, and the various applications of electricity which have altered entirely the routine of daily life, are all products of this period, but wonderful as they are, and definitely as they impress us, they are no more remarkable than the acquisitions in literature, in science, and in thought.

In no direction is gain more noticeable, or changes more marked than those that have come to the lot and life of woman. Since the day the Maine Farmer first saw the light, woman has been steadily advancing. The sixty years have dealt kindly with her. She is not old yet. She is an active, progressive, energetic woman, the prop of her household, the helpful friend of her neighbors, and a sharer in this world's interests and needs. Yet these sixty years have brought greater changes to her condition, than the three centuries preceding could have wrought.

Many a Priscilla was delving in the wilderness then, using her culinary skill in a rude house with scanty fare. The flax wheel and spinning wheel hummed under the motion of her busy feet, or responded to the touch of her ready hand. The snow white linen on her bed and table was the result of her labors, and the coarse cloth of her own weaving furnished material for the garments of her husband. Her best dress was neither silk nor cashmere, but a calico her own fingers cut and fitted.

Her daughter, occupying a similar station in life at the present time, has a commodious home in which the flax wheel appears but as an ornamental relic. Her husband buys his clothes ready made; the linen is not even hemmed by hand; and the best dress often has a Parisian air. Cares and responsibilities, it is true, may not have lessened, but comforts surely have greatly increased and hand labor much diminished.

But it is in the broadening out of the life of woman by a closer contact with the world and its affairs, that one of the greatest changes has taken place. The isolation of the farmer's wife in the olden days is not, or need not be, the lot of any one now. The invention of Penny Postage, which is counted as a great event of the Victorian Age, is but one of the signs bordering on this highway. Even the poorest farmer's wife need not, now have her life bounded entirely by the four walls of the kitchen, nor is her city sister obliged to confine herself to the servant girl question as the sole topic of conversation. The dissemination of literature, the Grange, the Club, are all new paths to a broader, more intellectual life than was possible sixty years ago.

Socially and politically the changes have been sweeping. It is true that in this country, woman has always held a position far above that in other lands, and yet even when applied to America, the words of Macaulay written early in the reign of Victoria, cannot be pronounced wholly false. "If there is a word of truth in history, women have always been and still are playthings, captives, and beasts of burden." Macaulay could not have written these words at the present time. Woman today takes her place beside man in the church and in the home; on the platform and at the bar; in the sick room and in the counting house. As instructors of the young, she holds the highest rank and almost undisputed sway. She is a

wage earner in all fields. Indeed, the cry is beginning to be raised that "the women are crowding out the men," and there is a feeling in some quarters that the tide is sweeping beyond the proper limits. For full enfranchisement there is still a struggle going on, it is true, but the entering wedge was fixed when school suffrage was granted, and however divided opinions may be as to the desirability of "equal suffrage," it must be plain that the result for which the agitators are working, is only a question of time.

The gain to women in the way of educational advantages is the most striking, and is the secret of all the growth. Education has unlocked for her the pious doors of the palace of progress, and placed within her grasp the treasures of power, of opportunity, and of achievement within. Through long years of waiting and weary disappointment she sat at the gate, and saw her brother enter without her. It is but recently that she has gained the desired admission. Only a year ago the intellectual world read with congratulation, the fact that a daughter of Maine was the first woman to bear away from Heidelberg, Germany's proud University, a doctor's degree. What could better show the unique achievement was than the recognition made by the men students who formed a triumphal procession in which the victor herself was borne laden with flowers, through the streets of the castle town. Wellesley and Smith occupy such an important place among educational institutions that we forget that they were not founded until 1875. The story of Mary Lyon and how she walked the floor day after day before Mt. Holyoke was founded; "women must be educated; they must be," reads now almost like a fairy tale.

Where woman holds the highest place there is always found the highest development. As she advances, the whole human race advances. Those nations that believe woman has no soul and treat her accordingly are the weak, the degraded nations of the earth; those that are leading the way in the onward march are those in which she has a recognized and honorable position. Her story is the world's story, and of all the lessons read for mankind by the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria with its gorgeous pageantry and world wide rejoicing, none are more inspiring than the records of woman's progress socially, intellectually and spiritually.

HOW TO MAKE PICKLES.

To the Editors of the Good Old Farmer: We have taken the Farmer almost thirty years, and now I would like to ask a favor of some of the good cooks that read it. I ate some chopped pickles a short time ago that were fixed with mustard, and if any of the Farmer readers can tell how they are made and will do so through the woman's page, they will oblige a reader. We should like to have other recipes for making pickles, for it is most time to begin this kind of work, and it would help a lot of young housekeepers. I wish we could have a column on cooking, canning and pickling, where we could ask and answer questions. We women folks would prize it, and it would help a lot of readers who don't know how to do such things. AUNT JANE.

Augusta, July 28.

It is a pleasure to reply to the questions asked, as it will be in the future whenever others desire to take up these lines of home work. A very successful maker of pickles furnishes the following recipes which her experience has proven valuable:

Mustard Pickle.
1 qt. cucumbers, sliced; 4 peppers, cut fine; 2 quarts green tomatoes, sliced; 1 quart onions; 2 heads cauliflower, cut in small pieces; 3 bunches celery, cut in small pieces; Soak over night in cold water, enough to cover it, with a coffee cup of coarse salt in the water. Put in porcelain kettle and boil until tender, then drain through a sieve. Put 4 quarts of vinegar on the stove. When it boils thicken with one cup of flour, ½ cup of tumeric, ½ lb. of mustard, 3 cups of white sugar. Pour this on the pickle. Rub flour, tumeric, sugar and mustard together in cold vinegar.

Chow-Chow.
Eight quarts sliced tomatoes, one of onions. Sprinkle with salt and stand over night. 1 oz. pepper, ginger, allspice and whole cloves. One lb. sugar, one table spoonful ground mustard. Cover with vinegar. Cook two hours. Do not put in the full amount of seasoning until you try it while cooking.

Pickled Peas.
Seven lbs. peas, three and a half lbs. sugar, one pint vinegar. Dissolve sugar in vinegar. Put in peas and cook until soft. Put in each jar one doz. cloves and two pieces of ginger root.

French Tomato Pickle.
Slice one-half bushel green tomatoes and six onions. Salt each layer and let them stand over night. In the morning drain through a sieve. Boil in vinegar and water, equal quantities—five minutes, then drain. Put them in vinegar—three quarts, three lbs. brown sugar, one table spoonful cassia, cloves and allspice, one white mustard black pepper, one-half lb. white mustard seed. Boil until tender.

Raspberry Shrub.
Put three pints of raspberries and one pint of vinegar in an earthen jar. Let it stand thirty-six hours, stirring occasionally. Then strain. To each pint of juice, add a lb. of sugar. Let it boil up, then skim and scald, not boil—twenty-five minutes. Bottle when hot or cold. Press corks in tight. It is not necessary to seal.

Chili Sauce.
Twenty good-sized ripe tomatoes, two onions, two green peppers, one table spoonful salt, cassia, cloves and allspice, two cups vinegar, two cups sugar. Cook two hours.

To remove fruit stains from white clothes keep on hand a solution of chloride of lime, allowing four ounces to a quart of water. Shake well, and let the dress settle, and wet the stains in the cloth with the clear liquid. Rinse well before drying or applying soap, or the cloth will become stiff.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Put a small pinch of soda in the water when cooking peas or string beans, and they will be very tender.

Sweet potatoes require nearly twice the time that Irish potatoes do to bake or boil.

To polish nickel plated goods after becoming black and not worn, use rouge or whiting on a rag with a little oil.

If the clothesline is brought in when the clothes are dried, and rolled up until next wanted, it will last about three times as long as when left out to be rotted by sun and rain.

The following is said to be of benefit for ingrowing toenails. Heat a small bit of tallow very hot in a spoon, and pour it on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and if repeated frequently the edge of the nail will be exposed in a few days, and then can be cut away.

A small amount of the oil of cinnamon applied with a small straw, end of knitting needle or small splinter to bee stings is a sure cure.

Sharp knives should be kept for household purposes. Vegetables can be prepared much quicker when a sharp knife is used.

When making ham sandwiches the meat will make many more sandwiches if minced fine. Add a paste of mustard, the yolk of two hard boiled eggs, pepper and salt.

A crust of stale bread will remove spots from wall paper.

Camphene and salt will remove paint spots from glass.

Spots may be taken from gilt frames by rubbing lightly with a piece of flannel moistened with white of an egg.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two table spoonfuls of vinegar, four table spoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

Wash oilcloth with warm water, in which a small amount of water has been dissolved. If you wish to give it a particularly new appearance, wipe it with a flannel that has been wrung out of new milk.

To clean and make brilliant your mirrors use for cleaning soft, warm water, containing just enough spirits of ammonia to dry and polish with a piece of soft paper or chamois skin.

Don't throw away old gauze and light woolen underwear, but have them washed, then cut into strips, and you will find that they make excellent "window rag," as these fabrics are free from lint, and besides making good dusters, are useful to have for washing paint and cleaning furniture.

Small Lemons in the Kitchen.

In cooking meats, the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping-pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away. Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil.

Dried fruits are not looked after, and become wormy.

Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of sorting over.

The tea-canister and coffee-box are left open.

Bones of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled in handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in water.

Dish-towels are used for dish-cloths, napkins for dish-towels, and towels for holders.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not closing dampers when the fire is not used.

Lights are left burning when not in use.

Tin dishes are not properly cleaned and dried.

Good, new brooms are used to scrub kitchen floors.

Silver spoons are used in scraping kettles.

Mustard is left to spoil in the cruse.

Vinegar is left to stand until the tin vessel becomes corroded and spoiled.

Pickles become spoiled by the leaking out or evaporation of the vinegar.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine needs scalding.

Cheese is allowed to mould or be nibbled by mice.

Woodenware is unscalded, and left to warp and crack.

These may seem small leaks, but in the aggregate the loss is considerable.

—Jean Ingelow.

Miss Jean Ingelow, whose death, in London, has lately been announced, was a genuine and well liked singer among the minor poets. She was born in Bolton, in Lancashire, in 1820. Her father was a banker. Her mother was of Scottish descent. Miss Ingelow's first venture in a book was an anonymous volume, published in 1850. Numerous other poems and volumes followed, down to 1893—for she was a prolific writer, in prose and verse; books for children forming a considerable part of the list. She was a writer of novels as well as of poems. "Of the Skellings" was one of her most popular novels. But her reputation rests mainly on her poems, which have become as widely known and appreciated in this country as in England. Her "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," a sea disaster, in Queen Elizabeth's time, to the old town of Boston and its neighborhood, is much liked, and is a favorite recitation in the schools. Her "Songs of Seven," perhaps the second most popular of her poems, illustrates seven epochs in a woman's life. Her poems are full of a genuine sweetness and homely simplicity, and are sufficiently new and good to place her in the front rank of the minor poets of the Victorian era. The kindness of her nature is illustrated by the fact that for years she was accustomed to give what she called "a copyright dinner" three times a week to twelve poor persons just discharged from the London hospitals.

WOMEN ON NEW ENGLAND FARMS.

"Not many women living on Mississippi Valley farms are accustomed to the rigorous economy and hard work done by their country sisters in New England. The latter not only do their own work, but they are able and willing to milk the cows and assist with the hay getting, and in other ways lend a hand out of doors in emergencies. Some of them even eke out the family income by little ventures of their own, such as raising hens and bees and gathering and marketing spruce gum, beechnuts and blueberries. There is no servant-girl problem, because there are no servants. When sickness or some other real disability necessitates female help in the household a neighbor's daughter is called in. She is, of course, regarded, and in every minutest particular treated, as a member of the family; and on it he had built houses, barns, and innumerable sheds, all from his supply of kindergarten blocks. Then, with the colored sticks which he had also used at kindergarten, he made fences around the buildings, and had also fenced in large pastures for the cows and sheep. The cows and sheep were round and oval bits of pasteboard. He was having the greatest fun, and calling mamma's attention to each improvement which he made in the arrangement of the farm, when Betty, the housemaid, came into the room. She did not notice the table as she took a step backward in doing the dusting, and behold, all the buildings, the fences, and even the cattle were one disordered heap!"

Betty was sorry when she saw what a disaster she had caused, for she was fond of Fred; but Fred was not so easily appeased, and what do you think? He actually began to cry.

Mamma did not say anything for a moment and then she exclaimed "Fred," in a way which made him look up at once.

"Do you know," mamma went on, "that sometimes out West they have such a thing as a cyclone?"

Fred nodded at this question so hard that one of his tears rolled off the end of his nose and fell on the back of a sheep, but he did not notice that.

"Well," mamma continued, "when the cyclone comes, the farmers cannot do anything with it, they just have to let it do as much damage as it chooses. Sometimes it blows down all their buildings and fences, and sometimes it carries them off, too, where the farmers cannot ever get even the boards they were made of back again."

"Now, I see," she went on, "that you have had a cyclone pass over your farm."

There was just a suspicion of a twinkle in one of Fred's eyes, but it was followed by another shower of tears as he gazed over the wreck.

"But I see," continued mamma, "that it has not carried your lumber off; it has only tumbled it about. Now, Fred, what do you think the farmers out West do after a cyclone has visited their farms? I suppose that the lazy farmers just sit down and look perfectly discouraged, and, perhaps, some of them even cry." She didn't seem to be looking at Fred now, but in some mysterious way she caught another twinkle in his eyes.

"But the real smart, enterprising farmers look over their land and exclaim, 'Well the lumber is all here anyway, and the only thing to do is to build things up again,' so they go to work again with all their might and with cheerful goodwill, and soon their farms are in good order once more."

As mamma took up her sewing she noticed that the farmhouse was well under way, and the cows had been driven back into the pasture; and, better than all, the twinkle stayed in Fred's eyes this time.—Sel.

PAVE YOUR WAY TO INDEPENDENCE.

"Come, Charlie, I want you to drive a few nails in the shed for me," said Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the time, and her father, overhearing the request of his daughter, said:

"Why not drive them yourself?"

"Because I can't," she replied.

"Because you can't," he responded.

"Why, Mr. Carter says there's no such word in the book. Come here, and I'll show you how to drive nails."

With hammer in one hand and nails in the other he went into the shed, drove a few into the door, and then gave the remainder to Nettie. She found it an easy thing to drive the nails, and felt quite proud of her achievement in the mechanical art. She having completed the work, her father said:

"Now, my girl, that lesson makes you independent. Some of these days I'll teach you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't you let the doors creek on their hinges for want of an oil leak; or the little children's shoes, or your own shoes, get hard in the winter time for want of a little grease."

"And as for you, my boy," said his father, turning to Charlie and his little seven-year-old brother, "you ought to learn how to make a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button. A little cooking will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and my mother told me when I was a boy that I could beat any boy making a pot of coffee. There is no telling what your lot may be, or where you will be cast some time during life. The most helpless people I have met with were

those who could only do one kind of work. All you boys and girls should learn some one thing very well, and make that your dependence for a living, and add to it as much skill as you can; for it costs nothing to carry knowledge, and it enables you to pave your way to independence."

Rev. E. J. Hardy relates two anecdotes of distinguished men, both of which show the exquisite beauty of kindness:

A poor literary man had occasion to call upon Lamartine. After the visit the statesman showed him to the door. The season was early winter, and as Lamartine opened the door he noticed that the unfortunate man was clad in thin summer clothes, and that he trembled like an aspen leaf. He glanced at the rack on which was his own overcoat and hat. Seizing the coat, he said to his trembling visitor, "Monieur, you have forgotten your overcoat." Before the man could make any objection, and declare that he had not brought an overcoat, Lamartine placed his own upon him, and with generous heartiness, pushed him quietly out and closed the door behind him.

A young girl pianist in a foreign capital, though she had never met the great composer Liszt, was tempted to advertise herself on a concert programme as his pupil. He was far away, and not likely to hear of the deception. He happened, however, to arrive at the town, and the miserable girl learned the fate of her advertisement. She dreaded a deserved and fatal exposure; so she went straight to the composer, told the whole truth, and threw herself upon his mercy. Liszt questioned her, told her to play, corrected her execution of his music, then said, gently, "Now, mademoiselle, you can truthfully say that you are a pupil of Liszt, for you have had your first lesson. You may also put on your programme that you will be assisted by your master, who will play two pieces at your concert."

For Boys to Remember.
A boy can have no higher or more worthy ambition than to become a true Christian gentleman. The following from an exchange is well worth remembering, and in following out its suggestions every boy will the better realize his ideal:

"Roughness, blustering, and even foolishness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

"Muscular strength is not health."

"A brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

"The labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

"The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God."

Putting Off Fretting.
Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it. The other set to work to plant a new crop.

After a while the impatient man came to visit his neighbor. To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how this could be.

"This crop I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done," said the other.

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said his friend; "that's the reason why I put it off."

Always Obliging.
There are nearly two billion people on this earth, and in some places they are crowded very closely together; but there is not a community anywhere on the globe where there is not room for many more men and women and boys and girls who are "always obliging."

Eternal Vigilance.
In the price of perfect health. Watch carefully the first symptoms of impure blood. Cure boils, pimples, humors and scrofula by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Drive away the pains and aches of rheumatism, malaria and stomach troubles, steady your nerves and overcome that tired feeling by taking the same great medicine.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—Sir Philip Sidney.

When the modern prodigal returns to his home it is not the fatted calf he is after—it is the golden calf.—Truth.

THE MAINE FARMER.

JOB OFFICE.

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PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE.

THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO.

Young Folks' Column.

A CYCLOPE LESSON.

Small Fred was sitting before mamma's cutting table playing farm. The table represented a great many acres of land, and on it he had built houses, barns, and innumerable sheds, all from his supply of kindergarten blocks. Then, with the colored sticks which he had also used at kindergarten, he made fences around the buildings, and had also fenced in large pastures for the cows and sheep. The cows and sheep were round and oval bits of pasteboard. He was having the greatest fun, and calling mamma's attention to each improvement which he made in the arrangement of the farm, when Betty, the housemaid, came into the room. She did not notice the table as she took a step backward in doing the dusting, and behold, all the buildings, the fences, and even the cattle were one disordered heap!"

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COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYRE, our Agent, is now calling

upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now call-

ing upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

The greatest influx of summer visitors

in Maine is expected this month. Sun-

shine and good weather are also ex-

pected.

The woman's race at Pittsfield, Satur-

day, must be an attractive feature, as

ten horses are entered, all to be driven

by ladies.

"Wool will be fifty cents per pound

within two years, and beef will never be

lower," says Hon. L. C. Libby in his

admirable letter in this issue on "Where

Are the Dollars?"

Read what Hon. F. P. Bennett, the

expert sheep authority, has to say in

another column. Such advice is well

worth heeding and such experience an

example to others.

It is some 5500 miles from Maine to

the Klondike country, but it will be

55,000 to the poor fellows when they

start to walk home. Better let well

enough alone and stay in Maine.

The American bladders who were

awarded the contract to furnish steel

rails to the London Central railway were

some \$40,000 under the lowest British

bid. This is another evidence of the

superiority of American genius and skill.

The American Express shipped from

the Vaneboro station on Monday 200

bullfrogs. They were destined to tickle

the palates of New York and Philadel-

phia high-livers. In some states the

growing of frogs is becoming a great

business. Why not in Maine?

The Methodist church stewards of

Albertville, Ala., have taxed tobacco

chewing members of their congregation

\$10 each in order to raise revenue. Here

is a pointer for some other hard up parishes

in need of funds. Put a tax on bad habits

and vices, and so help check them.

Two Portland young men put in a

hard day's work, Sunday. They rode

200 miles on bicycles, making a record for

the longest run ever made by Maine

wheelmen. It is doubtful if either com-

plained of weariness as they would have

done had they attended church that day.

Exhibitors at the Maine State Fair

will be pleased to learn that the best

experts in the country have been secured

to award the prizes this year. If you

want to know what life long breeders

and importers think of your Jerseys,

taken them to the Maine State Fair.

Do not expect your wife to supply the

table with berries from the distant

pasture and hedgerows, while you sit

on the griddlestone frame under the apple

tree wondering if it would pay to clear

out that mass of rocks, weeds and

bushes along the roadside, and plant

small fruits there.

Just as we are reading startling rumors

of a war with Japan she sends an order

to this country for twenty locomotives.

Japan is too busy building factories,

railroads and other modern enterprises,

to bother with war. Industrially, this

nation is to be a great competitor with

the United States in the not far distant

future.

Bath has the shoe factory fever, and

doesn't think that her sister cities on

the river, Augusta, Hallowell and Gar-

diner, should all have shoe factories

without one being also erected there.

The only thing to be for her enterprising

business men is to do as those do in Au-

gusta, go down into their pockets to the

elbows and bring out the cold cash. It

is this which tells. Nothing else counts.

Mrs. Jane P. Thurston of Portland,

who was in the habit of appearing before

the Governor and Council and at every

session of the legislature, claiming that

she was the rightful owner of most of

the State of Maine, is at the age of 83,

living in circumstances calculated to in-

spire pity in the coldest heart. The

ANNOUNCEMENT.

With this issue, the *Maine Farmer* passes out of the hands of those who have so long and faithfully guided its course and established it so thoroughly in the homes of the State, and hereafter, the Maine Farmer Publishing Company will direct its policy. Elsewhere, we introduce to our readers the gentlemen who form the company, all being well known to the people of the East.

Sixty-four years ago, in launching the *Farmer* upon waters then declared to be "crowded with newspaper crafts," Dr. Ezekiel Holmes outlined the field it should occupy in the following manner: "Our object is the mutual improvement of the farmer and the mechanic. The course, therefore, which it will be expedient to follow, is one, which, while it keeps aloof from the melancholy jarrings of party and sectarian zeal, will be particularly devoted to the above design. Our labors, though humble, will, we trust, be exerted in a more simple but far more glorious cause than endeavoring to pull down one dynasty and to erect another on its ruins.—Simple, for the fact that the business of agriculture requires only the efforts of common sense, aided by science.—More glorious, for the reason that it is the study of Nature and of Nature's God. It is our design to collect and lay before you whatever we can find that shall be useful to the practical man in the various departments of husbandry and the arts."

Sixty-four years have passed, and with all the marvelous changes which have taken place, the broader and larger field occupied by the agricultural worker and home-builder in these closing days of the century, we can but emphasize the declaration made by the founder of the *Farmer* and pledge loyal service in still carrying forward the work.

First, last and all the time, the *Maine Farmer* will stand for whatever will advance the best interests of the farm homes of Maine. Dealing with the agricultural problem from the standpoint of to-day, the experience of the past as well as wisdom of the present will be invoked, to give force and influence to its columns. Every department, which, if promoted, would add to the permanence of the industry or aid in bringing prosperity to the farms, will be carefully and faithfully fostered.

The new Summer Home Department will receive thoughtful attention, sure that its success will open avenues for converting farm products into cash and bring fresh life and energy to the farm homes.

From the first the *Maine Farmer* has stood as the champion of the cause of co-operation as expressed in the Declaration of Purposes of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, and the Grange has had and will have, no more consistent and persistent ally. Recognizing it as the greatest social and intellectual factor in the agricultural communities at the present time, every assistance possible will be rendered in the hope that numbers may be increased and interest strengthened. More space will be devoted to Grange news, and the presentation of original essays and addresses made a special feature. Obligated, as the farmer must be, to keep in close touch with the larger markets, he must have access to the best and most complete reports, and these will be found weekly in our columns.

The editorial staff remains unchanged, and the ablest writers, in every department, will be employed to contribute to these columns.

The services of one of the most competent and experienced veterinarians have been secured, and all questions relating to the diseases of animals will receive prompt attention.

Looking thus carefully after the farm and organization, the home and its interests must be more earnestly championed, and steps have already been taken to make the pages devoted to the Woman's Department and Young Folks of vital interest to every reader.

Pledging thus our unremitting efforts to maintain the position so long accorded the *Farmer*, we in return ask your earnest co-operation in extending its influence by increasing the circle of readers. The motto for each and every one connected with the paper will be, "The *Maine Farmer* for Maine farmers," and with this before us, we ask your cordial support and assistance.



HON. J. H. MANLEY, President and Director.

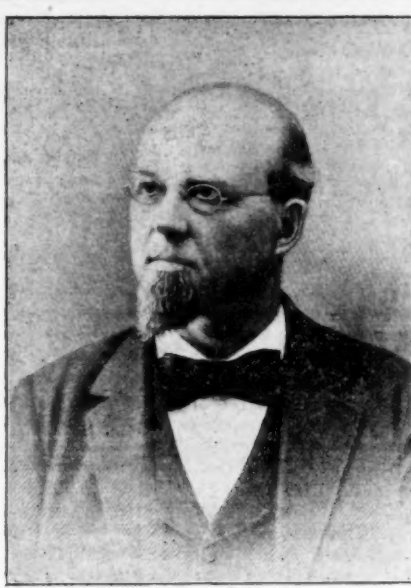
Mr. Manley was born in Augusta, educated at the Abbott Little Blue School, Farmington, Me., began the study of law in Boston, and in February, 1853, before twenty-one years old, graduated at the Albany Law School and returned to Augusta. In 1855 he was admitted to practice in the United States District and Circuit courts, and was appointed a commissioner of the United States District Court of Maine. During that, and the two following years, he was in the Augusta city council, and served as its president in 1866 and as alderman in 1867. From 1869 to 1876 he was in the government employ as agent of the Internal Revenue department. He was for nine years trustee of the Insane Hospital. In the spring of 1878 he purchased of his uncle, Joseph A. Homan, his half interest in the *Maine Farmer*, on which he worked as general editor until he was appointed by President Garfield, in May, 1881, Postmaster at Augusta. In 1889 he was re-appointed postmaster by President Harrison, and it was through his efforts that the city was given letter carriers. He was untiring in his efforts to secure the erection of the fine post office building which now adorns the city. He has been for nineteen years the partner of the late William S. Badger, under the firm name of Badger & Manley, publishers of the *Maine Farmer*. In 1881 he was elected a trustee of the Augusta Savings Bank, and in April, 1897, was unanimously elected President. This is the second largest savings bank in Maine, having in deposits and surplus six and one-half millions of dollars, and it has a record that is not surpassed by any banking institution in the country. He is also a director in the Edwards Manufacturing Company, director in the First National Bank, treasurer of the Augusta Water Company, and of the Augusta Electric Light and Power Company, and largely identified with the city's progress. He is also a director in the Maine Central Railroad, a director in the Portland & Rochester Railroad, Knox & Lincoln Railroad, and the Portland, Mount Desert & Machias Steamboat Company. He is a trustee of the Cony Academy, of the Lithgow Library, of the Masonic Temple, and has been a member of the committee of the Cony High School since its establishment. In 1887-88 and 1889-90 Mr. Manley represented Augusta in the State Legislature, and, as a factor in the political affairs of the State and of the nation, he is to-day as widely known as any other private citizen of Maine. He is, and has been for many years, a member of the Grange, and, being a clear, straightforward, easy yet forcible speaker, is frequently called to address agricultural bodies. Mr. Manley's success in all business enterprises, and the fact that hereafter it is his intention to remain at home and devote his time to his many interests here, insures for the *Farmer* his wise counsels and untiring energy. No citizen of the State has more implicit faith in its future or is more thoroughly devoted to its advancement.

Assistant Secretary Howell at Washington, has decided that section 20 of the new tariff, which permits the free entry into the United States of the products of the forests of the State of Maine upon the St. John river and its tributaries, owned by American citizens and sowed or hewn in the province of New Brunswick by American citizens, has the effect of excluding free entries of lumber which has been planned or advanced in any way from the condition of sawed or hewed. Under the old law planned lumber was admitted free, but the intersection of the word "otherwise" in the paragraph "the same being otherwise" unmanufactured," is held to operate against the free admission of planned lumber.

It pays to grow good fruit. After picking about 40 bushels of gooseberries, Mr. R. H. Libby, Newport, had to buy several bushels to fill his orders.

Sewell B. Hussey died in West Washington, July 17th, of apoplexy. He leaves a wife and two sons to mourn his loss. Mr. Hussey was born in Canaan, December 20, 1838, and at the time of his death was nearly 58 years of age. He was 40 years old when he settled on a farm in this vicinity and has followed farming and lumbering ever since; was possessed with a sterling character, was a very hard working, industrious man, a good neighbor, and will be missed very much. Truly the pastor selected a most appropriate text "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Henry Cleve, in his weekly circular, claims that the trend of things in the business world "inevitably means a restoration of confidence, commercial and financial, that will carry us into a condition of great national prosperity."



MR. OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.

Among the more prominent business men of Maine, few, if any, enjoy a wider acquaintance than Mr. Oscar Holway, Augusta. Born upon one of the many good farms of Fairfield County, educated in the common schools, the first twenty years were there spent tilling the acres and getting the foundation for future business success. In 1857, the grain and flour store was opened in Augusta, and such was its success that in 1864 it was made a wholesale store, and as such has remained until the present time. In 1875 a branch house was established in Auburn, since which time the firm of Oscar Holway & Co. has done the largest business of its kind in Maine. In 1877, Mr. Holway was made a director of the First National Bank, Augusta, and in 1892, unanimously chosen President of the same, a position he to-day holds. Beyond this he has for years been a trustee of the Kennebec Savings Bank, and Auburn Trust Co., a director of the Augusta Water Co., Kennebec and Boston Steamboat Co., Old Town Woolen Co., Waverly Woolen Co., Newport and Dexter R. R., and Richard's Pulp and Paper Co., South Gardiner. In politics, while a life long, independent democrat, Mr. Holway has never been a seeker after office, but rather a loyal supporter of, to him, the true principles of government. Brought thus into contact with leading business interests and enjoying an acquaintance extending well over New England, the *Farmer* is to receive the benefit of his counsels and impetus of his organizing ability.



MR. JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.

Maine has sent out many sons who, through their own energies, found the pathway to success, but in business circles no more marked example presents itself than that of Mr. J. S. Sanborn. Born in Wales, he was able only to avail himself of the ordinary district school privileges of fifty years ago, and early started in life for himself. For some years he drove over the State as representative for Dunlap's seeds, but having higher ambition, opened a store in Lewiston, and in 1878 the present firm of Chase and Sanborn, Boston, was organized. The complete mastery of the coffee industry was early determined upon and plantations established in Central and South America. Mr. Sanborn has travelled extensively through these countries as well as Mexico and the Mediterranean, while with his own country he is thoroughly familiar. In 1856 he married Miss Harriet N. Small of Auburn, and their four children live with and about them in their beautiful home at Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass. One, Miss Helen J., has travelled extensively with her father, and her charming book "A Winter in Central America," mark her a writer of great ability. With a deep love for the farm and its duties, Mr. Sanborn purchased an old homestead at Lewiston Junction of 300 acres, now known as Elmwood Farm, where as a grower of special crops he is solving many knotty problems, while establishing there a stock farm unique in character, not to be duplicated in America. The same success as found in trade follows here, and his reputation for growing high-class roadsters, half blood French coach, attracts visitors from all parts of the country, while the leading stock journals give his experiment their unqualified endorsement. Upon this farm a large and elegant mansion has, the past year, been erected, and Mr. Sanborn now returns, to again be counted a citizen of the Pine Tree State. Devoting time and effort to business, Mr. Sanborn has never been active in politics, though thoroughly committed to the principles upon which the Democratic party was founded. The same energy which has made Mr. Sanborn's name familiar where choice coffee and tea are drank, will now be directed towards extending the service the *Maine Farmer* is to render in developing the agricultural and true home interests of the East.



DR. GEO. M. TWITCHELL, Director and Manager.

Dr. Twitchell began writing for the *Farmer* when a boy of fourteen, in 1878 became a regular contributor, and in 1882 one of the editors. Educated in the common schools and favored with a few terms at Gould's Academy, Bethel, he, at the age of fifteen, began the active work of life. Possessing a natural love for agriculture, and especially for animals, reading and research, with certain classes of stock breeding, have been carried forward for the past twenty-five years. Since 1884 his entire time has been devoted to agricultural pursuits. In the institute work of all the New England States and Provinces he has been a constant lecturer, invitations increasing yearly. As lecturer of the State Grange, and since as an interested member of the order, he has lectured in every portion of Maine and quite extensively in New Hampshire and Rhode Island. Elected Secretary of the Maine State Fair in 1890 he has seen the debt of the Society reduced from \$34,500 to \$10,000, while important improvements have been made to the property. The wide acquaintance and varied experience thus gained peculiarly qualifies for the important position as manager, and doubting not the future of the State, or the possibilities of its agriculture, a more intimate relation is to be sought with the forty thousand regular readers of the *Maine Farmer*.

THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

Of course the clouds parted, the fog fled away, and the sun came out almost the first time for the season at the annual on the morning of the 26th, when the editors of Maine started on their annual pilgrimage. This year it was a Bootbay, with side excursion to the outlying places of attraction. The inspirer of the whole affair was Charles E. Kendrick, proprietor and editor of that lively local paper, the *Bootbay Register*. He was chairman of the committee of arrangements, was on the jump from morning to night, and if a single attraction was omitted it was not due to him, or his keen foresight and discrimination. Full of pluck and cheer himself, he infused these qualities into all with whom he has to do. Thank God for a cheerful heart and a willing hand!

Our company was composed of some forty ladies and gentlemen, the youngest being a well behaved boy of six months—Orrin Haskell of Pittsfield—and the oldest (equally well behaved) a gentleman of 90, Judge H. K. Baker of Hallowell. A glad commingling of the spring and winter residents of this charming resort. It is a treat to hear the people speak so enthusiastically of Squirrel.

A large number of our party reached Bath quite early Monday morning, and had the privilege of wandering about the famous ship-building city. The magnificent Y. M. C. A. building, where we found the Secretary, M. K. Murray, the presiding genius, held the attention for more than an hour. When one notices the facilities presented here for enjoyment and improvement, he almost wishes he "were a boy again." Nothing has been omitted that would fill an evening with pleasure and profit. The Bath young man who goes to the bath, must do so by snapping asunder the finest chords of love that have been woven for his uplifting and betterment. The public library and park, the elegant stores and residences, all attest to the enterprise of this old and staid city; but there is great need of a good hotel. Through the courtesy of President Drake we were given a sail on the Kennebec river in the fine steamer *Wiwuna*. The sail lasted about an hour, and a charming view of the city was enjoyed from the water. The sail extended from the north end of the city to Fisher's Eddy, about two miles above Phippsburg Center and about eight miles from Popham Beach. Bath's popular Mayor, Dr. Bibber, graced the occasion with his presence. We had numerous courtesies from J. F. Upton of Bath, the Eastern Steamboat Company, which runs regular lines to the islands, and to the Maine Central Railroad.

We reached our headquarters at Bootbay, Monday evening, and were quartered at the three hotels—the Menawarmet, the Bootbay House, and the Weymouth House. It was our happy lot to stop at the comparatively new hotel, The Menawarmet, the situation and surroundings of which are unsurpassed. The house is lighted by electricity, electric bells and lights being in every room. Everything is clean and neat, beds downy and restful, table fine, food well cooked and abundant, the resources of the sea drawn upon freely, pure water introduced, bath rooms, etc., and above all a gentlemanly and obliging landlord, Capt. O. S. Yates, who commands here with the same grace and thoroughness as he did his fine ships at sea. Under his care the toll-worn traveler will find safe and secure anchorage.

Those who visit this locality should not omit a ramble along "Bay Path," the old Indian trail, where the view is perfectly entrancing. It overlooks Liniken's bay and the village beyond, and Bayville, where the summer cottages illuminate the landscape. Here were laid the most thrilling scenes of *Blanche Willis Howard's* charming story, "One Summer." And what shall we say of Bootbay Harbor, the growth of which has been simply phenomenal the past ten years? It is written in the history of the State and of the country, as with its outlying islands is one of the most perfect summer resorts on the coast of Maine. The remarkable character of the harbor stamps it as the finest on the New England coast, and one of the best in the world. The depth of its water, the quality of its bottom for anchorage, the absence of dangerous and treacherous ledges, the plain-sailing passages between the islands, which are natural sea barriers, its freedom from strong tides and currents, its bold shores, the general beauty and picturesqueness of all its surroundings, the well-stocked stores and markets of its several villages, the kind, hospitable people (who invariably find such people upon the sea coast), stamp it as one of the most desirable places on the coast. When the tempest arises and old ocean is lashed into fury, vessels of all sizes and styles flee into the harbor for a safe refuge. Wednesday night, prior to the storm of Thursday, we counted fifty-five sail in the harbor, to remain there until the storm should be over and past, there being comparative calm here, while all was confusion and turmoil outside, reminding us of the re-people hymn:

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wild seas no more."

On Monday evening the citizens of the place gave us a welcoming reception at Pythian Opera House, a beautiful and commodious place of entertainment. Here were gathered the beautiful women and leading men of the place, to do honor in speeches, refreshments and the grasp of the hand, to the members of the press of Maine. The whole thing was a gracious and generous act. We were set at ease at the very start, and felt that now we had the liberty of the town. We learn that there is an over production of young ladies at the Harbor. Now, as they are among the most beautiful and accomplished we ever met, this little hint to the young men of the State ought to be sufficient.

Tuesday the party made an excursion to Squirrel Island, which a few years ago was merely a sheep pasture where William Greenleaf tended his flocks, and where the most notable thing was the ever-living, gushing spring, sending forth its pure waters. At about that time the entire island with its ninety acres could have been purchased for about \$1,500. Now the island contains some one hundred and twenty-five cottages, some of them very elaborate and costly affairs. There are two hotels, a spacious and elegant casino, where entertainments and public meetings are held, a chapel, post office, reading room, bowling alley, water works and a sewerage system, plank sidewalk to every portion of the island, a well-kept market, furnishing all that is required in the provision line, telegraph office with sub-marine connection with Bootbay Harbor, bakery, wharf with convenient waiting rooms, tennis court, base ball grounds, and many other attractions, to make this a fine summer resort, with plenty of accessories for excitement and gaiety, as well as for rest and recreation. Our visit was made the occasion of a public meeting in the casino, where the members of the Association were welcomed in most cordial words by Congressman Dingley, and then followed an introduction to the leading residents of this charming resort. It is a treat to hear the people speak so enthusiastically of Squirrel.

Wednesday was the day for our visit to Ocean Point, to accept the hospitality extended by the Treasurer of the Association, Hon. P. O. Vickery. Ocean Point, while it has been built up remarkably, retains the sweetness and purity of its virgin condition. It has some thirty-five cottages, the best being that of Mr. Vickery, erected at a cost of some \$3000. The cottage is in a slightly place with beautiful surroundings, elaborately finished and furnished, constructed in a charming style of architecture; it is the fitting summer resort of the capital city's most enterprising citizen and his open-hearted and generous companion. The residents of the island have a fine view, not only of the harbor, but of the open sea beyond. We reached the place by a carriage drive from the harbor, provided by the people of Bootbay, whose courtesies were frequently extended, and in various ways, during our visit. The scenery is most enchanting along the route. At dinner time a grand banquet was given by Mr. and Mrs. Vickery in their cottage, tables being set there and on the veranda. It was indeed a "feast of fat things," to which the fraternity, who had indulged so long in saw-dust puddings, did ample justice. Music by Dennis' Orchestra of Augusta, gave added charms and zest to the occasion. In the evening we attended a welcoming, informal reception at the hands of the home of the manager of the excursion, Mr. Charles E. Kendrick; and this closed a day of unalloyed pleasure, with nothing but the threatening weather as an objectionable feature.

Thursday was assigned to our visit to Damariscotta and the famous historic oyster deposits. A nor' easter did not deter the most of the members from venturing forth. A heavy sea ran riot outside, and we thought too much of our interior arrangements to go that way, so teams were taken to East Bootbay, followed by a steamboat ride of some dozen miles up the Damariscotta river, in a drenching rain. On the wharf at Newcaste was the dripping form of what appeared to be some sea monster, just from the caverns of old ocean, but which on the nearer approach proved to be Bro. K. M. Dunbar, who with Bro. J. H. Ogier, had been making arrangements to give us a grand reception at Damariscotta. After hanging ourselves up to dry at the Maine hotel, we took dinner there, and then we were taken to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, where we were again surfeited with good things. Did not good taste forbid the term, we should say there were fruit punch, cake, ice cream, etc., galore! Other houses, teeming with refreshments, were to have been opened up in different parts of the village; teams had been provided by the citizens to take us to the various points of interest, but these kindly plans for our pleasure had to be abandoned on account of the rain, and we had to take the historian's word for the authenticity of the shell heaves. The rain accompanied us to our hotels, and the evening, pattering with busy feet upon the roof.

"Kissed our eyelids down to sleep." The bad weather Friday morning caused us to abandon entirely our proposed excursion to Ancient Pemaquid, the most of the members that morning turning their faces homeward and breaking up the party. A bad thing to do, the way, and not calculated to assist in organizing future excursions. The bright sunlight rested peacefully upon bay and ocean, as the storm clouds took their flight and drifted eastward Friday noon, and as the evening hours came with their hush and calm, the afterglow touched the Western sky with almost superlative beauty, making the houses and the trees on the hillsides seem like some grand cathedrals and hallowed towers, while the lights on the moving boats in the quiet harbor fashioned a phantom fleet. It was a wondrous picture, which we wish our brethren who had left us could have enjoyed.

Dr. Eugene B. Sanger of Bangor has just inherited from his father, Dr. Eugene F. Sanger, something that doubtless will be worth to him more than its weight in gold. It is a collection of two large and closely-written volumes of accounts of detailed accounts of all the cases treated by the elder doctor Sanger since 1860, with diagnosis and prescription in each case, the names of all patients being alphabetically indexed. The value of this gift is great.

A subscriber in Dover, N. H., writes in sending his annual subscription: "There is no better paper published in Augusta than the *Farmer* for residents who are temporarily absent. They are sure to learn each week what is going on."

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Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a great extent. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CITY NEWS.

The Augusta Cadet Band is weekly giving fine concerts.

The Probate Court Room is being painted and papered.

The Nash school house is to have a clock and a bell.

Col. H. G. Staples was on the street again, the other day, and received the congratulations of his many friends.

A part of the violent thunder tempest of Saturday afternoon was accompanied by hail.

Hiram Clark and family have removed to their cottage on the shores of Coboscocontee Lake.

The little daughter of George Howard, on Sewall street extension, was killed in the face, Sunday night, by a horse and quite badly hurt.

The Farmer is again indebted to the Misses Eaton for a basket of rare and beautiful flowers from their well cultivated gardens.

The entire first series of stock of the Augusta Loan and Building Association was retired Monday. It has paid a handsome dividend.

Quite a number of our people are contributing towards a screen to put across the outlet of Coboscocontee Lake, to prevent salmon and trout going down stream.

The city reports are out, issued from the office of the Maine Farmer, and make a handsome volume. Every taxpayer should have a copy. It contains some very interesting reading. Copies may be had at the City Auditor's office, and also at this office.

Rev. J. S. Williamson, the pastor of the Congregational church, received six persons into the membership of the church, Sunday. At Church Hill, in the afternoon, he received eight into the membership of the church which is there located.

In the march of progress, it is thought a paper box factory will be the next thing to be established here. The movement thus far has been a quiet one. A party of six or eight Augusta men has taken it up and it is proposed to start in with a capital of \$5000.

At the annual meeting of the Augusta Savings Bank yesterday afternoon, the old Board of Trustees was elected: J. H. Manley, L. C. Cornish, Lendall Cornish, B. F. Parrott, Treby Johnson. The following incorporators were chosen: A. F. Parrott, John R. Gould, J. F. Bodwell, O. S. C. Davies.

The State House sewer, for which Horace Purinton of Waterville was the contractor, has been completed. Every step has been taken to make it as permanent a piece of work as possible. The grounds, which were torn up by the work, have been neatly graded and sowed over and put into their former condition by the State House crew.

The attempted races at Augusta Park have been discouraged by the managers as well as the police. Rain delayed, rain disturbed, everything and everybody. Horses were drawn and interest waned rapidly. The 2:27 class was finally won by Alta Rosa in 2:27, 2:27 1/2, and 2:40 by King Wilkes. This probably ends the racing season at this park.

The committees from the several commanderies of the upper Kennebec valley, held a meeting in this city, Monday afternoon, and decided to make the Tithes Knights Templar pilgrimage to Poplar Beach, on Friday, August 13. The commanderies which will participate are: Maine, No. 1 of Gardner; Trinity, No. 7 of Augusta; De Molay, No. 10 of Skowhegan; St. Omer, No. 12 of Waterville.

Calling upon Hiram K. Choate, Esq., of this city, one day recently, he showed us a sample of "Fay's Prolific Currant," grown by him the present season; the samples shown were very large, nearly up to grapes in size, and of splendid flavor. Mr. Choate is an expert in raising small fruit and makes it a success. He procures the very best varieties and gives them great care and attention. Clean culture tells.

Work began Monday on the grounds on Gage street, where the shoe factory is to be erected, the extensive filling and grading first being attended to. The factory will be of five stories, modern in every respect, the dimensions being 128x43 feet, and will employ 300 hands. The work will be hastened, so that the factory will be able to fill the spring orders. The company will have an office in Boston.

The "white city" has arisen on the hillside, the tents having been erected for the annual muster of the National Guard, which began on Monday next, in this city. The companies will go into camp, Saturday. The men are reported as full of enthusiasm, and with good weather there will be a successful encampment. It is expected that 1,500 soldier boys and officers will attend, together with two bands of music.

Ground was broken Monday morning, bright and early, for the dwelling house to be erected on Western avenue. Our enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. W. H. Gannett, it is expected, will be in charge of the construction, and the experienced workmen will erect the building. The site overlooks the city and a wide sweep of the valley of the Kennebec.

The eclipse of the sun, Thursday, couldn't be seen here, on account of another eclipse formed by the clouds.

Kennebec County News.

—Prof. W. A. Rogers, of Colby, has been elected to the Babcock professorship of Alfred University of New York State.

—Laforest True, of Clinton, has purchased machinery for the equipment of a plant for the manufacture of electrical supplies. He will soon begin business and will employ quite a number of men.

—Jonathan Kane of Branch Mills in China, aged 78, who has been suffering for months with dropsy and had become despondent, committed suicide, last week, while his wife was absent, by tying a stone around his neck and putting his head under water in a half hoghead. He is survived by his wife, a sister and a brother.

—The stockholders of Cascade Woolen mills of Oakland held their annual meeting at Waterville last week, and elected J. B. Mayo, Foxcroft, president; John Ayer, Oakland, treasurer; R. W. Dunn, Waterville, clerk, and J. B. Mayo, S. M. Milliken, John Ayer, Thomas P. Curtis, Boston, Edward J. Mayo, directors.

—A heavy hail storm passed over a section of Winslow early Saturday afternoon. Hail stones as large as robin's eggs were picked up, and crops suffered badly. Several old residents say they never saw such a storm before. Heavy thunder and lightning accompanied the shower.

—W. M. Hatten of Litchfield Plains, met with an accident, Friday, while going to Richmond. He stepped to the rear end of the wagon while going up a hill, to adjust something, and the horses started on the run, throwing him over backward. His injuries are of a serious nature.

—Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Winslow of Albion, were driving into the business street in Waterville when their horse took fright at an electric car, overturned the wagon and threw out Mrs. Winslow, who struck upon her head and shoulders. The horse, driven by Mr. Winslow, running away. No serious consequences are feared.

—Wednesday was the annual field day of the A. O. H. at Maranocook grove. Fully 2,000 people arrived on special cars from Bangor and 1,000 from Portland. The weather was clear and the steamer kept busy taking out sailing parties on the lake. Boat races and all the sports as per programme were worked off in the afternoon.

—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Lockwood company, manufacturers of cotton cloth, Waterville, the following officers were elected: Directors, Joseph S. Mayo, Foxcroft; James H. McMillen, Portland; R. W. Dunn, W. M. Dunn, Waterville; Seth M. Milliken, New York; John W. Danielson, J. DeForest Danielson, Providence.

—The annual meeting of the trustees of the Hallowell Savings Institution was held at the banking rooms, Monday afternoon. The old board of officials were re-elected as follows: E. Rowell, president; H. K. Baker, secretary and treasurer; C. H. Dudley, assistant; E. Rowell, James H. Leigh, Ben Tenney, John W. Church and H. K. Baker, trustees.

—A hearing was held last Wednesday in Farmington, before the county commissioners, on the petition of J. A. Norton and 49 others for the laying out of a road to run from Maple street, so called, near the house of Frank Lowell, to the Ryder road, a distance of about a mile. The claim was made that the new road would shorten the distance from West Farmington to Hallowell, and indirectly to Augusta, by about two miles. A strong remonstrance was presented of over 200 names, urging that there was no need for the road being built in that public demand did not require it.

—Our Readfield correspondent writes: The rainy season has been very discouraging to farmers; but few have finished haying. Hotel Elmwood is well filled with summer boarders. Mr. Stevens is a very genial landlord. John Whittier from Boston, is boarding at Mrs. Sturtevant's during his vacation. John Mather has received the appointment of postmaster, and will take charge of the office the first of September. Mr. B. W. Harriman is the new postmaster at Kent's Hill. The people at Readfield are having a series of lawn parties to get money to buy an organ for their hall. Miss Kensell of Portland, has been visiting at Mr. Denton's. Rev. L. W. Coone is spending the month of August with his wife and children at Readfield. Mrs. E. A. Morrill has returned from her bridal tour, and will make their home with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Morrill. Mr. Morrill has a very flourishing grocery business.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Rev. C. F. Andrews, pastor of the Universalist church at Old Town, has sent in his final resignation, after a pastorate of six and one-half years.

Rev. J. L. DeMott closed, on Sunday last, his year of service as pastor of the Congregational society in Phillips.

Arrangements for the Etna Spiritualist Campmeeting are now well completed. The meeting opens Friday, Aug. 27, and closes Sunday, Sept. 5. Noted speakers have been engaged.

Sunday afternoon eight persons were baptized by the Rev. C. G. Mosher at the Essex Street Free Baptist church in Bangor. At the evening service these of six others received the right hand of fellowship, and were admitted to church membership.

Four were baptized at the Baptist church, Thomaston, Sunday evening, by Rev. W. A. Newcomb.

Dr. Simpson's Christian Alliance meetings are in full blast at Old Orchard.

More Pardons Wanted.

Hardly had the cases before the Governor and Council been settled before in came another batch of petitions. One is for the commutation of sentence of Charles F. Taylor of Randolph, who was sentenced in the Kennebec county court, five or six years ago, for a term of 14 years. The petitioners are now well completed. The other case is that of Adellard Roussin of Biddeford, who was sentenced by the supreme court in June, 1894, for five years on a charge of larceny. The petitioners urge clemency on the ground that during the three years serving, Roussin has been exemplary in conduct at the prison.

The new steamer Lincoln built at Bath for the Kennebec & Boston Steamboat Co., was given her first preliminary run, Monday. The steamer went to Parker's Island, where she docked at 3 o'clock. She covered about 14 miles in 58 minutes, and was not pushed to her steam limit. The Lincoln, it is believed, will cover easily 10 or 12 miles an hour when the ground has been done at the time. The steamer is in command of Capt. Mar. of the steamer Nahanada. Next Friday, the Lincoln will make her first trip out of Boston to Boothbay Harbor.

Wanted, for an American boy, (age 12) a home for the summer or longer time if desired. For particulars address Mrs. M. E. MacGregor, 235 Spring St., Portland, Me.

Rev. R. H. Aldrich of Guilford is planning a grand excursion for the 12th of August, and will send particulars to applicants.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention Maine Farmer and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Methods

OF WINNING AND RETAINING PATRONS.

We carry everything needed to correctly furnish any hotel, house, hall, church or office. We make our store pleasant and attractive. We can do this because it is that kind of a store, and the stock we buy completes the attraction. We feel that if our stock and store equals or surpasses those of larger cities, our Maine people will be glad to trade at home. Our great increase of business since opening our new store proves that to be true, happily for all concerned.

“THE HOUSEHOLD OUTFITTERS,”

Hooper, Son & Leighton, - Portland.

Champion Offer to Subscribers.

Grand Cash Premium. Every Subscriber, Old or New, Shares Alike.

\$2.25 for the Maine Farmer one year, and either the Farmer's Handy Egg Case, 12 doz., or Butter Carrier, 12 to 18 lbs.

Lowest Retail Price of Either, \$1.50.

Improve this opportunity. Secure this grand premium and the only agricultural newspaper in Maine, at once.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR, PORTLAND, ME.

August 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 & 21.

UNEXCELLED ATTRACTIONS.

Greatest Exhibit of Live Stock ever made in America.

Finest Trotting and Pacing Programme of the Year.

Daily Bicycle Races, Including Grand Circuit Date.

Firemen's Reel Races.

Pushing Contest of unusual interest.

Company of U. S. Cavalry, rivaling Wild West performance.

North Atlantic Squadron in Harbor.

Balloon Ascensions and Parachute Jumps.

Worshipful's Trained Dogs.

Monkey Theatre.

Trained Bear, Badger and Ant Eater.

Air Ship taking man aloft.

Salem Cadet Band.

Band and Orchestra Concerts.

Greatest and Most Expensive Fair of 1897.

See the Best at cost of the Inferior.

Special Rates by all Railroads. Ask for N. E. Fair Excursion Tickets.

Admission 50 Cents.

3540

Don't study advertisements for a better remedy than

LITTLE CEM

PRESCRIPTION

25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

A specific for diarrhea, cholera morbus, cramps, and summer complaints.

From HOWARD OWEN, ESQ., EDITOR OF MAINE FARMER.

Mr. Chas. K. Partridge, Chemist and Apothecary.

DEAR SIR:—I have used your LITTLE CEM PRESCRIPTION for many years, and with best results. It always cures, and is one of the few medicines I would not be without. I have recommended the LITTLE CEM to many friends, and it has given me many satisfactory results.

Yours very truly,

HOWARD OWEN.

GET LITTLE CEM PRESCRIPTION AT

PARTRIDGE'S

Old Reliable Drug Store, opp. P. O., Augusta, Me.

Summer and it will save you doctor's bills.

Improved U. S. Separators

For the Dairy and Creamery.

Turned by Hand, by Bell, or by Steam Turbine. Suits to suit all.

We are the only ones in the State and Country.

Vermont Farm Machine Co.

Bellevue Falls, Vermont.

HOOD'S

The Jersey's were first in the World's Fair Dairy Tests, against all breeds. Bred by Hood's Farm, near Bath, Me.

Owned by Hood Farm, near Bath, Me.

One of the best of these two great breeds of Jersey's has been secured by Hood's Farm, near Bath, Me.

For more particulars, write to Hood's Farm, near Bath, Me.

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Some of Our Special

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We carry everything needed to correctly furnish any hotel, house, hall, church or office. We make our store pleasant and attractive. We can do this because it is that kind of a store, and the stock we buy completes the attraction. We feel that if our stock and store equals or surpasses those of larger cities, our Maine people will be glad to trade at home. Our great increase of business since opening our new store proves that to be true, happily for all concerned.

We Absolutely

Guarantee

each and every article sold by us to be as represented and worth the price paid, and we agree to "pay back the money if the goods don't suit!" And what we agree, we surely do. Ask any one who knows, and it's easy to find such ones.

We want all visitors in Portland to use our store as their headquarters when down town.

We're a reception room, ladies' toilet rooms; we'll care for your packages, loan you our telephone, and while for a car for you when you desire to "catch one."

You're welcome with us always.

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Old Reliable Drug Store, opp. P. O., Augusta, Me.

Summer and it will save you doctor's bills.

Improved U. S. Separators

For the Dairy and Creamery.

Poetry.

A WEE BIT SING.

When my heart is sad, and I'm like the sea,
An' it seems like the sea is weeping,
An' I feel like the sea is weeping,
An' I feel like the sea is weeping.

Nae larkie for the world to hear,
Nae larkie for the world to hear,
Nae larkie for the world to hear,
Nae larkie for the world to hear.

There's joy in a wee bit sing,
There's joy in a wee bit sing,
There's joy in a wee bit sing,
There's joy in a wee bit sing.

For, singin', my tears forget to fall,
For, singin', my tears forget to fall,
For, singin', my tears forget to fall,
For, singin', my tears forget to fall.

When the fowls in barns frae the nearby town,
When the fowls in barns frae the nearby town,
When the fowls in barns frae the nearby town,
When the fowls in barns frae the nearby town.

Are, I sing when I'm happy, I sing when I'm
Are, I sing when I'm happy, I sing when I'm
Are, I sing when I'm happy, I sing when I'm
Are, I sing when I'm happy, I sing when I'm.

I may my ain cheer when there's nae to be
I may my ain cheer when there's nae to be
I may my ain cheer when there's nae to be
I may my ain cheer when there's nae to be.

Life can never be a'thither hand,
Life can never be a'thither hand,
Life can never be a'thither hand,
Life can never be a'thither hand.

Whit it leaves me a wee bit sing,
Whit it leaves me a wee bit sing,
Whit it leaves me a wee bit sing,
Whit it leaves me a wee bit sing.

—Torquil MacLeod in Boston Transcript.

THE PURPOSE IN LIFE.

Do the tears that arise in the heat of the strife
Do the tears that arise in the heat of the strife
Do the tears that arise in the heat of the strife
Do the tears that arise in the heat of the strife.

Leave the doubt in your heart whether living
Leave the doubt in your heart whether living
Leave the doubt in your heart whether living
Leave the doubt in your heart whether living.

Benish doubt and plod on. Life was given to
Benish doubt and plod on. Life was given to
Benish doubt and plod on. Life was given to
Benish doubt and plod on. Life was given to.

And the end of the road is a couch with a pall,
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jutant here inside of 10 seconds. What you tell me isn't official. I'm off now. And when the adjutant returned to Captain Chester it was with the information that he was too late. Mr. Jerrold's dog had crossed the bridge five minutes earlier.

Perhaps an hour later the colonel sent for Chester, and the captain went to his house. The old soldier was pacing slowly up and down the parlor floor.

"I wanted you a moment. A singular thing has happened. You know that 'directoire' cabinet photo of Alice? My wife always kept it on her dressing table, and this morning it's gone. That frame—the silver filigree thing—was found behind a sofa pillow in Alice's room, and she declares she has no idea how it got there. Chester, is there any new significance in this?"

The captain bowed assent. "What is it?"

"That photograph was seen by Major Sloat in Jerrold's bureau drawer at Belleville this morning."

And such was the situation at Sibley the August day the colonel took his wife and her lovely daughter to visit Aunt Grace at Lake Sablon.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the big red omnibus that was slowly taking over the dusty road and passengers were making their way from the railway station to the hotel at Lake Sablon. Two of them were women of mature years, whose dress and bearing betokened lives of ease and comfort. Another was a lovely brunette of less than 20, the daughter evidently of one of the ladies, and an object of loving pride to both. These three seemed at home in their surroundings and were absorbed in the packet of letters and papers they had just received at the station. It was evident that they were not new arrivals, as were the other passengers, who stood about them with half anxious feelings with which newcomers at a summer resort are apt to regard those who seem to have been long established there, and who gathered from the scraps of conversation that they had merely been over to say good-bye to friends leaving on the very train they were about to board.

There were women among the newly arrived who inspected the dark girl with that calm, unflinching, imperious scrutiny and half audibly whispered comment which had been of the opposite sex, would have warranted their being looked out of the company, and which was ignored by the fair object and her friends as completely as were the commenters themselves. There were one or two men in the omnibus who might readily have been forgiven an admiring glance or two at so bright a vision of girlish beauty as was Miss Renwick. But she was not alone. She had looked, but the one who most attracted the notice of Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace—a tall, stalwart, distinguished-looking party in gray traveling dress—had taken his seat close to the door and was deep in the morning's paper before they were fairly away from the station.

Laying down the letter she had just finished reading, Mrs. Maynard glanced at her daughter, who was still engaged in one of her own, and evidently with deep interest.

"From Fort Sibley, Alice?"

"Yes, mamma, all three—Miss Craven, Mrs. Hoyt and Mr. Jerrold. Would you like to see it?" And, with rising color, she held forth the one in her hand.

"Not now," was the answer, with a smile that told of confidence and gratification both. "It is about the German, I suppose."

"He thinks it outrageous that we should not be there—says it is to be the prettiest ever given at the fort, and that Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Craven, who are the managers for the ladies, had asked him to lead. He wants to know if we cannot possibly come."

"Are you not very eager to go, Alice?"

"Yes, I am," answered Miss Renwick reflectively. "It had been arranged that it should come off next week, when, as was supposed, we would be home after this visit. It cannot be postponed, of course, because it is given in honor of all the officers who are gathered there for the rifle competition, and that will be all over and done with today, and they cannot stay beyond Tuesday next. We must give it up, auntie," and she looked up smilingly, "and you have made it so lovely for me here that I can do it without a sigh. Think of that, mamma! I should be so glad to go."

"Yes, I am," answered Miss Renwick reflectively. "It had been arranged that it should come off next week, when, as was supposed, we would be home after this visit. It cannot be postponed, of course, because it is given in honor of all the officers who are gathered there for the rifle competition, and that will be all over and done with today, and they cannot stay beyond Tuesday next. We must give it up, auntie," and she looked up smilingly, "and you have made it so lovely for me here that I can do it without a sigh. Think of that, mamma! I should be so glad to go."

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"They claim that none fell so far below their expectations as he, Alice. You know I am no judge of such matters, but Mr. Hoyt and Captain Gray both wrote the colonel that Mr. Jerrold had been taking no care of himself whatever and was entirely out of form."

"In any event, I'm glad the cavalry did no better," was Miss Renwick's loyal response. "You remember the evening we rode out to the range, and Captain Gray said that there was the man who would win the first prize from Mr. Jerrold—that tall cavalry sergeant who fainted away—Sergeant McLeod. Don't you remember, mother? Well, he did not even get a place, and Mr. Jerrold beat him easily."

Something in her mother's eyes warned her to be guarded, and in that indefinable but muzzling system of feminine telegraphy called her attention to the man sitting by the door. Looking quickly to her right, Miss Renwick saw that he was intently regarding her. At the mention of Fort Sibley the stranger had lowered his paper, revealing a bronzed face clean shaven except for the thick blond mustache and a pair of clear, steady, searching blue eyes under heavy brows and lashes, and these eyes were very delicately yet respectfully fixed upon her own, nor were they withdrawn in proper confusion when detected. It was Miss Renwick whose eyes gave up the contest and returned in some sense of defeat to her mother's face.

"What letters have you for the colonel?" asked Mrs. Maynard, coming an instant.

"Three—two of them from his devoted henchman, Captain Chester, who writes by every mail, I should imagine, and these he will go off into some secluded nook with and come back looking blue and worried. Then here's another, forwarded from Sibley too. I do not know this hand. Perhaps it is from Captain Armitage, who, they say, is to come back next month. Poor Mr. Jerrold!"

"Why poor Mr. Jerrold?" asked Aunt Grace, with laughing interest, as she noted the expression on her niece's pretty face.

"Because he can't bear Captain Armitage," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Now, Alice," said her mother reprovingly, "you must not take his view of the captain at all. Remember what the colonel said of him."

"Mother," protested Alice, laughing, "I have no doubt Captain Armitage is the paragon of a soldier, but he is unquestionably a most unpleasant and disagreeable person in his conduct to the young officers. Mr. Hall has told me the same thing. I declare, I don't see how they can speak to him at all, he has been so harsh and discourteous and unjust."

The color was rising in earnest now, but a warning glance in her mother's eyes seemed to check further words. There was an instant's silence. Then Aunt Grace remarked:

"Alice, your next door neighbor has vanished. It thinks your vehemence and gratification both."

"Surely enough, the big, blue-eyed man in tweeds had disappeared. During this brief controversy he had quickly and unobtrusively let himself out of the open door, swung lightly to the ground and was out of sight among the trees."

"Why, what a strange proceeding!" said Aunt Grace again. "We are fully a mile and a half from the hotel, and he means to walk in this glaring sun."

"I should be," said the girl, looking up

